

## Social and Personal

## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for "recreation" of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 242.

## SONG.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

This is from a drama, entitled "The Saint's Tragedy." Other selections from this writer, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch have already been printed in this series.

THAT we two were maying  
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;  
Like children with violets playing  
In the shade of the whispering trees!

O that we two sat dreaming  
On the sward of some sheep trimmed down,  
Watching the white mist steaming  
Over river, and mead, and town!

O that we two lay sleeping  
In our nest in the churchyard sod,  
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,  
And our souls at home with God!



This series began in the Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

## Smith—Cowles.

At the parsonage of Clay Street Methodist Church, Thursday morning, at 7:45 o'clock, Mr. H. H. Smith, of this city, and Mrs. H. H. Smith, of Paxon, Va., were married by the Rev. T. McIn. Simpson, D. D.

The bride was gowned in white and the celebration was simple and quiet. Only the family of the officiating minister and Mrs. Cowles's two little children were present. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left immediately after the ceremony for the home of the groom in Paxon, Va.

## Will Go to Korea.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Henry Daniel, whose marriage in the University of Virginia chapel this week, was a very pretty social affair, will sail the middle of August for Korea, where Dr. Daniel will be engaged in missionary work.

## Cannon—Diacont.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place Wednesday night at 9 o'clock in the parlors of the Rev. Dr. John Hancock, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, when Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Diacont became the bride and groom. Mr. Diacont is a well-known young people of the East End.

## Off to Baltimore.

Miss Sophie White left for Baltimore yesterday, where she will be the guest of friends for the remainder of July. Miss White will be chaperoned at the Greenbrier White Sulphur in August by Mrs. Schaefer-Hamilton, whose daughter, Miss White, was extremely popular at the White last season, when she was an acknowledged belle.

## West Avenue Popular.

West Avenue bids fair to be very popular among Richmond society people who will establish themselves in that section of the city this winter. Among those who have already taken houses on the avenue are Mr. and Mrs. James Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Serven, Mrs. David Walker and Miss Jane Rutherford.

## Personal Mention.

Mrs. Edward Palmer and family will spend August at the Blue Ridge Springs.

Mrs. John W. Gordon and Miss Nellie Gordon are spending some time at West Point Hotel, West Point, New York.

Miss M. S. Edwards is at Carter's Bridge, Albemarle county, for the summer.

Mrs. Glenn, of South Boston, Va., and two children, are spending this week at Miss Pitzer's, No. 115 East Franklin Street.

Mrs. Lewis H. Blair and children are at DeJarnette's, in Carroll county, Va.

Mrs. W. H. Pleasant is at Scottsville, Albemarle county, for July and August.

Mrs. W. H. Brown is summering at Stokes, in Goochland county.

Mrs. W. D. Turner, of Isle of Wight county, is enjoying the Virginia seashore at Ocean View.

Mr. J. T. Maguire and family are at Spott's Hotel, Lowell, W. Va., for July.

Mr. I. D. Cardozo has gone to Cold Sulphur Springs, near Goshen, for the season.

Mrs. James Ludwell Hill and children are summering at Crozet, in Albemarle county.

Mrs. J. E. Woodfin is the guest of friends at Ellerslie, Va.

Mrs. R. L. Barnes is registered at the Princess Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach.

Mrs. S. T. Winn is a midsummer visitor to the Fork Union neighborhood, one of the most hospitable places in Virginia.

Mr. W. B. Cato, of Bedford, Va., has gone for the summer to Panacea Springs, N. C.

Mrs. D. A. Timberlake is the guest of relatives at Russellville, N. C.

Mr. E. H. Russell, of Bristol, Va., is summering at Emory.

Mrs. Charles E. Wingo is a July guest at Amelia Courthouse, Va.

Major and Mrs. Thomas Pinckney, of Charleston, S. C., are at Fairhead Inn, Sapphire, N. C.

Mr. John W. Taylor has gone to Buffalo Lithia Springs for some weeks.

Miss Lou Knox, who has been at Cul-

## WHAT OUT-OF-TOWN SOCIETY IS DOING

Echoes of Gay Life at Summer Resorts in the Vicinity of Gotham and Other Cities.

## Newport.

At a gathering in the Newport Casino on Wednesday, many members of smart society nearly all the women were in gown of white linen, made walking length and in some cases with a wide collar and a wide belt. A handsome gown of a delicate pink linen lawn flounced to the waist, each blouse embellished with a wide, white, ruffled collar and a wide belt, completed her costume.

Mrs. Wilson, Sr., wore a very beautiful gown of French blue tulle trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet and a close fitting bonnet of blue and white tulle.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson sat for some time at the Casino listening to the music and were joined by Mrs. Livingston and Mrs. Drexel.

The cotillon will be the feature of the dance which Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt will give Friday, July 22. Vanderbilt has asked Mrs. Pembroke Jones to lead with him from the end.

If there is not a decided change in the temperature at once extraordinary plans for entertaining which have been made by some of Newport's hosts and hostesses will be upset by the sudden departure of some of the chefs and their kitchen assistants.

This morning one of the maid's employers, Mrs. Nathan Thayer, made complaint to Mrs. Thayer of the excessive heat in the kitchen, but the matter was handled very diplomatically and will be remembered as an impending danger of some of those below stairs in the Thayer villa seeking new fields of labor was nicely averted for the time at least.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Florence Ayer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Palmer, of Portland, Me., to Mr. John B. Dunn, Jr., of New York.

Washington.

Miss Bessie Skinner, sister of the American consul general at Marseilles, is to be married to Mr. J. H. Skinner, a member of the French mission to the United States, who will remain for some time in Washington.

Mr. Herbert G. Dering, second secretary of the British embassy, who is at the summer embassy in Lenox, Mass., will leave there the day after tomorrow for Newport, where he will take part in the tennis tournament. Mr. Dering has distinguished himself here as well as elsewhere as a prize winner in tennis. After his Newport visit, Mr. Dering will go to Bar Harbor for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth are at their country place, Ashcroft, N. Y., where they have had a large house built for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Hanna, widow of the late senator, has arrived at Northeast Harbor, Me., where she has taken the cottage of Dr. Frazier for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. A. T. Belknap and Miss Adams, of Washington, have arrived at the Victoria Cottage, Bar Harbor, where they will remain until September.

The engagement of Miss Louise LeMayre Williamson, No. 223 Maryland Avenue, to Mr. Halleck Gillett Hayden, No. 18 West Twelfth Street, New York, was announced today for the wedding has not been set.

A party of Baltimoreans, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Alford and Mrs. James Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Wingate, Mrs. Margarette J. Powell and Mr. A. E. Harrington, Tighman's Island, Talbot county, to deliver addresses.

Hon. James N. Stubbs, member of the House of Delegates from Gloucester county, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. J. B. Booth, deputy sheriff of Chesterfield, was in Richmond yesterday morning.

Mr. P. B. Tallaferro leaves for New York city today.

Had Fine Trip.

Governor Montague returned yesterday from a fine trip to the coast, where he spoke on Monday. His Excellency enjoyed his trip and is much improved in health, having almost recovered from the cold which has given him so much trouble of late.

go to Kenmuir. There's Th' Owd Un to see to him there o' nights."

"Are ye so sure he is there o' nights, ma lad?" he asked with slow significance.

"He was there when some one—dinna say who, though I have ma thoughts—tried to poison him," answered the boy, mimicking his father's manner.

Ma'Adam shook his head.

"If he was poisoned, and noo I think aiblins he was, he didna pick it up at Kenmuir, I tell ye that," he said, and marched out of the room.

In the mean time the Black Killer pursued his bloody trade unchecked. The public, always greedy of a new sensation, took up the matter. In several of the great dailies, articles on the "Aspidochelone" appeared, followed by long correspondence. Controversy raged high; each correspondent had his own theory and his own solution of the problem; and each waxed indignant as his was discarded for another's.

The terror had reigned already two months when, with the advent of the lambing-time, matters took a yet more serious aspect.

It was bad enough to lose one sheep, often to lose a flock in the pack; but the hunting of a flock at a critical moment, which was incidental to the slaughter of the one, the scaring of these woolly mothers about to be almost out of their skins, and the loss of a sheep, was a loss hardly bearable.

Such a woful season had never been known; loud were the curses, deep the vows of revenge. Many a shepherd, at that time paroled all night through with his dog, only to find in the morning that the Killer had slipped him and avowed in some secluded portion of his beat. It was heartrending work; and all the more so in that, though his incrimination seemed as far off as ever, there was still the same positiveness as to the culprit's identity.

Long Kirby, indeed, greatly daring, went so far on one occasion as to say to the little man, "And d'ye reckon the Killer is a sheep-dog?"

"I do," the little man replied with conviction.

"And that'll spare his own sheep?"

"Niver a drub of it."

"Then," said the smith with a nervous

## WED AT WINCHESTER.

## Miss Fitzhugh Becomes Bride of Mr. Wannamaker.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

WINCHESTER, Va., July 21.—Second Auditor William H. Wannamaker, of the Postoffice Department at Washington, and Miss Ellen C. Fitzhugh, of the same city, were married Wednesday evening. The bride was wearing a handsome gown at the home of Mr. Walter Miller, near town. The groom is a native of Ohio.

The feature of the wedding was a lecture by Miss Eva Marshall Sibbitt, of Chicago, Ill., to a large audience. With the lecture commenced the evening session of the Young People's Christian Union, of the United Brethren Church, in the Valley.

Certain John Wood, whose death at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was noticed in Wednesday's Times-Dispatch, was brother-in-law of Earl Wood of Winchester, who resides with her aunt, Mrs. Bettie Dandridge. Mrs. Dandridge is the daughter of a resident of Winchester and is one of the few remaining anti-slavery mistresses of the White House.

## ROANOKE WEDDINGS.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

ROANOKE, Va., July 21.—There were several marriages here last night. At the residence of the bride, Miss Emma Lee Jannay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jannay, and Mr. William T. Evans, Rev. S. E. Boyd officiating.

At the parsonage of the First Baptist Church, Miss Florence L. Wertz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Wertz, and Mr. Jackson O. Bradley, and Miss Florence M. Bruce and Mr. George W. Garland, Rev. T. J. Shipman officiating.

At the parsonage of Belmont Methodist Church, Mr. R. Rudasill, brother of the groom, officiating.

At Belmont Methodist Church, Mr. Ferdinand R. Gray and Mrs. Lettie C. Hacker, Rev. L. S. Rudasill officiating.

## Balderson—Franklin.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

CHILTONS, Va., July 21.—Mr. Elton P. Balderson, of Montross, and Miss Julia Franklin, of Warsaw, Va., were married at the residence of Mr. Bunney Scates, near Chiltons, Va., Saturday night, July 16th. Rev. J. W. Fizer, assisted by Rev. L. G. Crutchfield, of Randolph-Macon College, officiating.

The marriage was a quiet one, having no attendants or brides of honor. The bride was attired in white silk, and the groom in a dark suit. They were married in a room at the residence of Mr. Scates, near Montross. They are both quite popular in society here.

Other marriages booked for this place in the near future.

## TRIES TO SAVE MASTER.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

UTICA, N. Y., July 21.—James Doyle, of Sherburne, was probably fatally injured Tuesday while raking hay on an inclined section of his field. A team of spirited horses attached to the rakes, becoming frightened at the noise of the rakes, bolted, and the pole, dashing down the hill, the end of the pole plunging a deep furrow in the ground.

When the horse struck a heavy stake, Doyle, realizing that a serious accident was inevitable, prepared to jump from his seat on the machine. At that instant, however, he had been struck by the rakes, and the next moment the rakes, with Doyle seated thereon, was raised in the air and thrown upon the house. Doyle was killed.

Doyle's shepherd dog had been watching the accident, and when he saw his master's side within a few moments, grabbing the sleeve of Doyle's coat, the dog worked to release the man from the machine.

After the dog had been kicked by one of the frantic horses, and evidently realizing the plight of his master, the dog barked away to the farmhouse, and by his barks apprised Mrs. Doyle that something was wrong. She followed the dog to the scene of the accident, and succeeded in rescuing her husband. It was learned later that one of the dog's legs had been broken by a kick from one of the horses.

## HELD MOB AT BAY WITH HIS PISTOL.

Robert Goelt and Duke of Roxburgh Have Exciting Experience in the Tyrol.

The New York Herald's European edition publishes the following from its correspondent in Innsbruck, Austria: London, Wednesday.—A dispatch received here states that Mr. Robert Goelt and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Roxburgh, had an exciting adventure in the Tyrol, where he is touring in an automobile.

While passing through the village of Reio, Mr. Goelt's car ran into a haycart, the horse of which bolted. The cart was upset and the two-year-old driver was buried beneath the load of hay.

The automobilists stopped and extricated the driver, who was hurt, and Mr. Goelt offered him a note for 40 pounds (\$640) as compensation. This was, however, refused, and the villagers, who drew their revolvers and threatened to shoot, Gendarmes opportunely arrived and conveyed the automobilists to the next village, where they were fined for furious driving.

OF AERIAL FLIGHT.

NEW YORK, July 21.—John Holland, the inventor of the submarine boat, is now having built at the shop of George W. Hill, at the rate of from four to five miles an hour, not only will solve the problem of aerial flight, but will enable a man to navigate the air with much more ease and safety than he can ride a bicycle.

The airship now approaching completion is intended to carry one person. The material used is the finest aluminum. The wires are steel and as light as the strain upon them will permit. The whole contrivance weighs exactly twenty-six pounds.

The driving power will be purely muscular. Mr. Holland contending that man has enough physical energy to propel himself through the air under proper conditions at the rate of from four to five miles an hour. On either side of the machine there will be a set of wings ten feet in length, operated by four wheels and these wings will be moved up and down and otherwise controlled at the will of the driver.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE KILLER WAS SINGED.

No further harm came of the incident; but it served as a healthy object-lesson for the Dalesmen.

A coincidence it may have been, but as a fact, for there was a lull in the crimes. There followed, as though to make amends, the seven days still remembered in the Dalesland as the Black Week.

On the Saturday a Cheviot, a Cheviot, killed not a hundred yards from the Manor wall. On the Monday a farm on the Black Water was marked with the red cross. On Tuesday a black piglet, Tupper, at his work; he fired into the darkness without effect; and the Killer escaped with a scolding. On the following night Viscount Birdseye lost a shoeing ram, for which he was reported to have paid a fabulous sum. Thursday was the one blank night of the week. On Friday Tupper was again visited and punished heavily, as though in revenge for that shot.

On the Saturday afternoon a big meeting was held at the Manor to discuss measures. The Squire presided; gentlemen and magistrates were there in numbers, and every farmer in the country appeared all unconsciously.

To start the proceedings the Special Commissioner read a full letter from the Board of Agriculture. After him Viscount Birdseye rose and proposed that a resolution be passed to the seriousness of the case than the paltry 25 of the Police should be offered, and backed his proposal with a 25 cheque. Several others spoke, and last of all, Parson Leggy rose.

He briefly summarized the history of the crimes; reiterated his belief that a sheep-dog was the criminal; declared that nothing had occurred to shake his conviction, and concluded by offering a remedy for their consideration. Simple it was, so he said, to laughableness; yet, if their surmise was correct, it would serve as an effective preventive that no cure would at least give them time to turn round. He paused.

"My suggestion is: That every man, jack of you who owns a sheep-dog lie him up at Smith's."

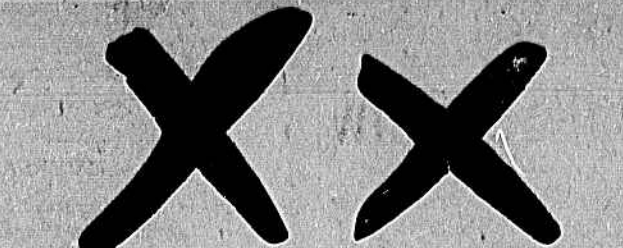
The farmers were given half an hour to consider the proposal, and clustered in knots talking it over. Many an eye was directed on Ma'Adam; but that little man appeared all unconcerned.

"Well, Mr. Saunderson," he was saying in shrill accents, "and shall ye be sheep?"

"What d'ye think?" asked Rob, eyeing the man at whom the measure was aimed.

"Wit! It's the way, I'm thinkin'," the little man replied. "On ye hand Shep's the guilty one I wad, by all manner of means or shootin'd be a bane better. It's not, wh'y—he struggled his shoulders significantly, and having shown his hand and driven the nail well home, the little man left the meeting.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)



## The Double Cross

Thomas W. Lawson tells who got it in the Amalgamated Copper deal in the August

## Everybody's Magazine

Last month thousands couldn't find a copy. GET YOURS NOW

The edition of the July number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE was 300,000 copies and all sold out in a few days. For August we are printing many thousands more in the hope of meeting the demand. Hall Calne's new story also appears. For sale on all news-stands.

## DAILY FASHION HINTS.

## LADIES' SUN HAT.

No. 6195: There is an absolute craze this summer for every variety of sun hat. Every woman has two or three styles, varying from the plain lawn for everyday wear to the printed mull like the gown. The style shown to-day may be very plain or may be converted into a thing of beauty, fit to wear with any gown. The actual purchase of these hats would cost a great deal, but anyone with the least degree of skill in needlecraft can produce pleasing results at comparatively small cost.

The pattern is in two pieces and easily put together. For a dressy hat, one might use a daintily colored lawn, trimming the brim with ruffles. It is quite the fashion to have these befrilled hats match the gown, using ribbon ties and Val lace for ornamentation.

Pattern is for ladies size only. Receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., Nos. 136-140 West Twenty-third Street, New York. When ordering, please do not fail to mention number and to indicate that this coupon is from THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

No. 6195.

Size.....  
Name.....  
Address.....

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(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

## CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW.

## BOB, SON OF BATTLE.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

(Copyright, 1898, by Doubleday &amp; McClure Co.)

"A Book to Be Thankful For."

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

David rose from his chair and walked across the room to where his father sat. "If ye know sic a mighty heap," he shouted, "happen ye'll just tell me what ye do know?"

Ma'Adam stopped stroking Red Wull's massive head, and looked up.

"Tell ye, Ay, who should I tell ye not me dear David? Tell ye, I'll tell ye this—'with a sudden snarl of bitterness—'that you'd be the valry last person I wad tell."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A MAD DOG.

David and Maggie, meanwhile, were drifting further and further apart. He now thought the girl took too much upon herself that this assumption of the woman and the mother was overdone. Once, on a Sunday, he caught her hearing Andrew his catechism. He watched the performance through a crack in the door, and listened, giggling, to her simple denials. At length his merriment grew so boisterous that she looked up, saw him, and, straightway rising to her feet, crossed the room and shut the door, tendering her unspoken rebuke with such a sweet dignity that he slunk away for once decently ashamed. And the incident served to add point to his hostility.